Endless Boner

Pop Shit

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Foreword

This is a bunch of essasys and short stories i've published and mainly rage/emo unpublished from my susbstack newsletter (or blog or whatever). If you know my stuff it's nothing new, for that i'm too lazy at the moment. I'm not even sure i'm that into writing. I can't spell, i don't know shit about grammar.. I only have nine years of formal schooling, and i didn't pay much attention while i was there anyway.. If you on the other hand don't know my stuff, well enjoy,, it's bascially a bunch of stupid filth, perverse delusions and your typical midlife crisis type shit.. You'll soon figure me out, i hate this, i love that (pussy).. I hope you get a laugh out of it at least.. Send fanmail to raschan(at)protonmail.com

Baby baby baby why

Baby baby baby.. Why did you put your hair up in a messy bun like that? During these two weeks I haven't even noticed you, haven't given you a thought and now you're a Doraemon t-shirt and a pair of flip-flops away from looking like a thai hooker on laundry day... I'm not saying that thai hookers is my kink, I'm not some pathetic creep, I'm saying that thai hookers on their days off is my kink,, the guy they call when they want the full BFE experience... That's all I'm saying,, nothing else.. And now you're sitting here looking totally attentive when I talk to you,, while I mansplain,,, don't you know that I want to mount right you now,, right here,, impregnate you.. Do you understand what you are doing to me?

Someone else asks me how I pull up thistles without gloves.. Well, I'll explain it to you.. Here's how it works,, I just grab them,, it hurts,, not even for a second,, then it's over ..That's the thing.. Just let it go. You pick it up and throw it on the ground then you rake it up.. I don't want to hear anything about how it would have been more comfortable with knee pads, of course it is more comfortable with knee pads,, the most comfortable would have been to have no

knees at all, but now we have knees and we don't have knee pads.. You just bend down and pick dandelions from the hedges anyway and when you're done you start over,, that's what we do,, that's all we do.. That is that what they pay us to do.. I don't want to hear any more ideas on improvements... See that man over there? That ghost? He has worked here for 37 years,, do you really think he would have made it if he waltzed around thinking about improvements all day? For 37 years.. Hacks? I wouldn't think so. He is retiring soon and he hasn't once tried to reinvent the wheel.. He just picks dandelions, eats dandelions.. He will die and become dandelions.. Do you understand that we are the vassals of dandelions ? This is their empire,, pax dandelion..... See her over there with her hair in a messy bun? All she thinks about is a scooter for her mother,, a Baotian.. That's all.. That and driving me crazy,, erotic deeds.. Savage stuff. Do you think,, do you really think, that I can bear listening to your complaints?

I lie in my boiler room,, my kingdom and look up at my ceiling.. I breathe,, calmly.

Philosophy is one big scam.. Philosophers are pimps,, salesmen.. Have you ever heard of a doubting philosopher? Anyone dealing with halves,, questions? Always with the absolute statements.. History IS cyclical, history IS linear.. This IS right.. Believe me, they wrote what they wrote then they jerked off and fell asleep like everyone else.. Behind every great philosopher stands a father who could never, never, give his son even a small compliment,, never could he give him an acknowledgment.. So now these unloved sons wants to restructure the whole universe.. This guy and about 50,000 other self-hating erotomaniacs,, . Think of Kantbot, or that other guy, and you have every single thinker ever.. If Kantbot hadn't had the misfortune to live now,, if he hadn't had a difficulty concentrating, if he had been able to write, he certainly, nothing is impossible, could have been able to become a mediocre, reasonably elevated theorist, and not just a parrot,,, he has all the criteria,, he is insecure, self-righteous, annoying, a nerd, a besserwisser, a homosexual,, everything.. That is the perfect description of every philosopher ever..

My law, my constant, says that everything and everyone is more banal than you, my poetic friend, could ever dare to imagine..

Every historical event,, everything.. Flat, banal, boring,, deplorable, a monumental disappointment... But behind the disappointments the Divine.

East sun west moon

You're standing on the scaffold, up by the roof, it's minus 3 Celsius, feels like twenty. You wonder why your ancestors decided to hike up here that time. What infernal desire drove them? What demonic power?
North is the compass of death, of shadows. South of joy, lust for life, East of wisdom, Sofia, West of strength, power, our suns aim. But north? Only trolls, forest dwellers, the pond kind... King Bore's realm.. Where roads suddenly end. The home of the exiled and outlaws. Lovesick girls tie their bloody, soiled cloths to a branch along a north-flowing stream. It will ensnare him, the beautiful, lively, blind young man. Even the saintliest of saints smile in agreement when love turns to black magic though.

Either way. Icy cold. Inhumane. You stand there and your fingers want to fall off, out of pure self-preservation. You curse your entire lineage. Why here and not there, shaded by chinese apples, olive groves? Why not like Munthe, the wise doctor of Capri? Why not follow him? Why live and die yet another lifetime here? I remember 17th-century winters, I remember campaigns in Finland, I

remember Von Döbeln, I remember gods in trees, I remember the lands of yews, I remember the primeval tundra.

But then..

The sun. Mid-March. A month most beloved by the gods. The month of spiraling love. The month of multiple orgasms. Demeter! Demeter! Let me eat your awakened pussy! Let me gently blow away the dust of death! I see her from up here, I thaw, melting ice turns into warm tears. I see her, in her climacools. Her North Face puffer hides nothing ,, I see every single birthmark, I see her grandmother's and her grandmother's birthmarks.. Me and my thousand deliquesce ancestors impregnate them one by one year after year after year after year. That is our calling. In Dionysian frenzy. Simple human laws do not apply here,, outer worldly domains . Move over! The Poles whistle. You whistle you. We are already married, she and I, as far as I am concerned. As far as I am concerned, everything has already happened.

Just ballin

I've started a new job which means I take a new bus with new people I want to bludgeon to death every morning. I really should get a car, maybe not so much to get to work as to creep while listening to black music from 1993,, but that's another story entirely. A new job also means new schizo thoughts about female colleagues putting pubic hair in my coffee to magically ensnare and seduce me. I know it's not like that, but still, I'm pretty sure it is. Women do shit like that. I'm a ginger and probably rh-negative, I know a vibe when I feel one.
The reason I have a new job is really none other than that I got fired from my last one. I had a job as a carpenter even though I don't know shit about carpentry... People just assume I know shit I don't know shit about. There's something about my skull shape,, germanic but like western scandi germanic not kraut banana shaped germanic... The pay was good too,, I am impulsive. The problem was that my colleague was croatian and yugos hate me,, I don't know what it is,, that's just how things are.. He was on me like a dog, sniffing out blunders while I was trying to google how a fucking yardstick works.. Three months of his sad slavish peasant dog eyes staring at my neck and I finally flipped out, I started yelling at him with a trembling lower lip. The next day I got fired.. He snitched,, pulled some strings with the boss.. It is what it is..

What matters is that I'm 30 something dude sitting at home making beats that nobody
wants to listen to. That's what makes me a immortal.. Art for art's sake.. Favourites of the Gods sample R.Kelly's Ghetto Queen. I sold my Akai S2000 though,, and for what? I bought Chinese food with the money.. I could have done that anyway.. But an idée fixe to make more room at home has haunted me lately.. A very childish idea..
I was supposed to write about what I've read this week but the thing is I can't remember what I've read.. Right now I'm reading A Journal of the Plague Year,, I know because I borrowed it from the library about two hours ago.. It's been unusually hot here since last week which has made me unusually horny and sluggish.. I know I'm unusually horny when I have to fight the impulse to bite fat girl ankles on the bus.. It's the heat. .I am not like that.. Demonic powers are playing tricks on me. Real devil shit. But it's insane when you think about it.. There, two meters away from me, a pussy is rubbing against a bus seat,, it's completely absurd.. Buses should be gender segregated.

Spleen

We took cover under a pine my grandmother and me. It rained and we ate blueberries. She was wearing an oilskin coat and a bucket hat.. It was a moment I knew even then that I would always remember. It's like that sometimes,, certain moments you feel you´re gonna remember. It can be trivial things.. A curtain and something about the light from the window makes you know that you will never forget it.. Same with scents.. My childhood is primarily remembered through scents.. I remember what fabric softener my best friend's mother used.. There were people I never wanted to visit,, just based on the smell in their kitchen.. People who ate boiled fish especially.
I remember how my grandmother smelled.. I remember how my uncle smelled of tobacco, dill, and detergent. I remember how soft sheets always were back in the day. Everything was softer... Everything was good, everything smelled good, everyone was happy.. Danish comic books! I don't know what they've done with books and comics now but they don't smell like anything anymore. Capitalism didn't let us keep even that tiny pleasure.. All good things must come to an end.
History is a downward spiral.. Everything is tragedy and farce at the same time,, cyclical or straight only to the uninitiated.. I'm sorry, it just gets worse. They say “that’s what people always said” when

you say that things were better in the past, this only confirms the rule. It simply was better in the past and it was great before there was anything.. Then there were no disappointments. None.
I can no longer look at a steak and think of it as anything other than a steak.. Same thing with pussy.. Sure, it's nice but it's just pussy... More pussy means more reminders of how dull everything is. Dudes often get something demonic in their eyes when they smell pussy.. It used to scare me, embarrass me.. But at least they believe in something. An IQ of 75 and a never-failing libido.. God's favourites. Sometimes I wish I was a spic or something.. None of this Germanic spleen. Work, sleep, check in to a love hotel and fuck mentally disabled 19-year-olds. I'm sorry if that came across as racist,, it's coming from a good place.
It is what it is. I'm ungrateful, that's my problem.. I'm ungrateful to God.. I have to live in an age where people talk on speaker phone in public.. Pitched hi hats leaking out of 15 year old drug dealer's headphones.. That's the life I was given. The torment I was assigned.. Certainly it would have been more dignified to die in battle against Kyros's Persians or in a duel or to be scalped by Indians but then it wouldn't be a my torment,, then it wouldn't be the desert sojourn I was assigned.
I'm pathetic, excuse me.. Summer is far advanced.. Give me autumn so I can think more clearly.. I'm broke at the moment. I always feel sorry for myself then.. Come fall and i'll come up with some fresh new ideas. I'm thinking of printing lottery tickets,, say 10,000,, cash payment only.. No winning tickets,, how will anyone ever find out? I will have left the country when and if it's discovered.... Or I'll take a script from a long forgotten film, rewrite it a bit, pitch it, sell it and when I get the money, I'll leave the country,, Europe even.. I'm gone..

Satyriasis

We're in the attic. Among dusty old costumes, long lost scenography and the ghosts of forgotten acts. They watch in amused amazement, never in death have they seen anything so macabre, never during fifty maybe even eighty years of damp solitude up here. We have their consent, I know.. Me, at her insistence, a satyr.. She a nymph.. It's a show, a trick, the only chance for her to cave in is if we stage this sacred despoilment.. That's the only way to calm her troubled conscience.. To be able to stand before herself and God and say "I may have been satisfied but, by all that is holy, it was against my will!".. She is catholic by birth and although she would never say it out loud, it means a lot to her, these sacramental aspects. Her lust depends fully on our heavenly father.. It's very dark up here, I can't see her but I hear the old floor creaking as she tiptoes to save her honor. I am at my most lycanthropic and she a desperate shepherdess.. I am ready to down her and tear her insides out with my starved bite.. Feel her pulse slowly fade away as i.... I'm fully awake.. I could do this deaf and a blind. Her energies tease my fiendish nerves to the point that I can glimpse her through the walls.. From my death I could feel her and dig myself up with my rotten fangs, broken limbs.. With a head start of a hundred years I would find her..
Her tracks are everywhere,, small invisible drops she leaves behind

like a golden sprinkler.. My sense of smell is beyond human,, better than most animals even.. Her heart beats like a hummingbird's, I can hold it in my hand , feel life pulsing through it,, every single cell a full blown erection. A Juggernaut ready to crush her womb.. But providence keeps my instincts at bay. In zen-like ecstasy I feel her, for a minute, two, three centuries. Time never existed.. I bring it to my mouth.. Speak to it in tongues.. A thousand and a thousand serpents coil around us, they tear, spit, rattle, hiss... In convulsions we die, are reborn, die, are reborn, die,, faster and faster the life/ death cycles spin until they appear, to the naked eye, as an eternal monolith.. An infinite sphinx in a infinite space.
She lies legs wide apart, eyes of a wounded cow.. Introspective and all-seeing at one time.. Trembling.. My hands around her neck.. In the whites of her eyes, whats not yet swallowed by her dilated pupils, blood vessel upon blood vessel pop like sparkles. She looks almost cartoonish with her tongue limp.. I don't even know what hole I'm in as I push her further and further back in time.. Middle Ages, Iron Age, migration after migration... Bloodlines born and gone. Tears and laughter in juxtaposition.
The ghosts wake us from our exhausted slumber.

Thalia

The dream is terrifying. Really terrible.. I wade through an infinity of red silk, my skin aching from flame retardant. I cry, scream in desperation but no one hears me. Suddenly I find myself among the machinery above the stage. Dizzyingly high up. Decades of dust, skin deposits from actors long dead. An invisible, elusive, power is after me.. Ancient evil intentions. Abyssal Intentions. There is nowhere to run, the gangway sways..
I wake up on a pile of black cloth backstage.. Drenched in a thin layer of sweat,, sweat that can be peeled off the skin and rolled into little anxiety stuffed balls. For a moment it feels like I've pissed myself.. It's dress rehearsal in four hours and we've never even gotten through the second act without catastrophic hick-ups.. The idiots have been locked into the problems of the first act. Its subtitle.. What subtitle? You monkeys just say your damn lines. That's all there is to it. Stand on your marks.. do you know with what effort I have marked up this cursed stage? Painstakingly marked where everything goes.. Where these morons go.. Thalia you unholy whore! What have I done to deserve this fate? These retarded dogs! I know my part,, into it’s most minute details.. My ques, my positions.. every beat of every song,, every line.. EVERYTHING! It's not some arcane science.. It's just about listening.. But even that is too much to ask... These primates. I have

learned the entire script by heart even though these bastards have done everything to stop me.. Tortured me with demands and questions about props, decor, food, drinks, time off.. They see me as a god,, and believe me it is not a desirable position to be in. I fight back the tears.
I can smell her, she's still far away, maybe in make-up,, but none the less.. Pussy and body mist... If only I knew what brand! If I had a can of that in my possession, it would stimulate me more than even the most depraved pornography..
I theatrically ignore her as she walks by,, the little doe eyed hoe!
Are you mad, she asks.. Mad? I'm devastated because you keep me on a leash like this. Tempting me.. I want to fuck you now!
I'm married, you know that..
I don't care, I'll fuck your husband if I have to. I want to drink champagne out of your shoe. I want to ejaculate on your wedding ring.. Here she loses her balance.. It took. The possibility plays out in her empty little head.. She watches me rip her sequined dress off her ballerina body,, she watches me bite her pantyhose, her panties,, I bite and spit out her pubic hair... I munch my way into her womb..
She walks off,, your loss…
Hey, I say.. What? She says.. Show me your pussy.. She giggles and shows me her pussy.
Will i ever get to penetrate her. Impregnate her! For weeks she has been showing me her tits, her ass, her hole.. Always a cheeky smile. Always referring to her god damn marriage.
I'll go talk to the wardrobe assistant instead. She sits on a divan that belongs to the set and mends a tear in a pair of pants.. She is younger than me but motherly and has big wonderful titties.. I want to put my head in her lap and cry.. Cry the stress out of the system.. I want her to mock and laugh at me while I babble like a little child.. The mere thought of her sweaty pussy makes me tremble. None of this happens. I'm still in love with both of them though.

On pussy

Ghost pussy.. I'm haunted by ghost pussy.. 2005 pussy.. Marie Antoinette Pussy.. Pre-revolution pussy.. Fat pussy. Skinny pussy.. Free pussy.. Expensive pussy... My friend's wife's pussy.. Pussies exposed on walls, ceilings,, the vault above us... Ancient pussy.. I look at a cairn and wonder how much pussy this particular iron age chief got.. Did he get pussy east or west.. Dublin or Constantinople... Orthodox baddies.. Did they think about him for a long time afterwards? Did they forget him? Did pussies cry over him? It's not healthy.. Thinking this much about pussy.. Like Casanova in hell,, pussies walking right through him,, elusive shadow pussies.. Eons of torment.. the punishment for too much lasciviousness.. Betrayed pussies.. played pussies ... One slip and the gates of hell stand wide open pussies.. Imagine then a lifetime of slips.... Eternal torment.. You have to think of pussy in Lovecraftian terms... Primordial beings.. Pussy dentata. Wicked City spider pussy.. Urotsukidoji demon pussy.. Monsters from the deep ready to suck all life force out of you.. Devouring your soul... Think of all the syphilitic pussies... All the sailors who lost their noses,, went blind... Over pussy... Ended up in leprosy colonies over pussy.. Death over pussy.. Think of them unwashed,, pH sky high.... Work-a-day pussy.. Disco pussy. What kind of test is this? What does God want.. To throw pussy around like that and then drape them with joy,

anguish, sin, shame, memories, threats, violence, ecstasy... Even the gods themselves can't resist pussy.. Pussy in all climates.. Equatorial pussy. North Pole pussy... Mysterious alien civilization pussy.. Twenty thousand leagues under the sea pussy... Ghetto ass pussy. Geniuses who write shelves full of books to impress pussy..

On swedish poverty

I'm feeling great, it's 6:55am on a Sunday and I'm sitting here drinking coffee after walking my mom's little retarded poodle we've been babysitting overnight. He's getting really difficult now though, about to hit puberty. Attacks our cat,, who is old and fat and slow. Maybe she's not so innocent, that old spinster might be taunting him with animal telepathy before he feels compelled to attack. Anyway, he's a cute puppy. I don't even like dogs, and certainly not dog owners, but this little idiot is totally ok I guess.

I have written some other texts this week, but since I first write in Swedish and then translate into English, some have turned out to be untranslatable or at least very difficult to translate. Some say that Swedish is a word poor language. CJL Almqvist (Sweden's Poe) said that poverty is the Swede's most distinctive feature. That is materially (at that time), culturally, spiritually, linguistically.. But he did not mean it only as something negative, of course. Necessity is the mother of invention and out of this poverty came the wrench, Ikea and Ace of Base. But also in terms of language, because despite the fact that Swedish reportedly has about 80,000 words and

English has 250,000 I find it difficult to find an English equivalent for many Swedish words when I translate, when it should be the other way around. But the Swede has applied his narrow peasant common sense to the language as well and has managed to squeeze it to the last drop. Above all, I feel that Swedish is richer in nuances, has more rhythm to it and is a more dialectal language even in writing. Swedish does not always suit most verse measures and great dramas but it suits the down-to-earth and folksy.

There have never been many great Swedish thinkers and poets on the international stage.. Strindberg, our greatest dramatist, honestly often comes across as pubertal and silly (I do love him). But Swedish writers have often been good at taking the grand and making it easy and comprehensible, but no less heavy and serious, for the reading public. Sweden excels in the field of the essay, unfortunately rarely translated into English, but we have authors such as Gunnar Ekelöf, Per Erik Wahlund, Frans G Bengtsson and these days Carl-Göran Ekerwald who loosely and casually highlight great education (here is a word lacking in english Bildning or Bildung in german) for the uninitiated to take part in. The essay is what the Swede masters best. Montaigne is spiritually Scandinavian.

Swedish is also the language of the autodidact. Some of our greatest writers in the 20th century came from the self-taught school of workers and sons of statare (land renting rural workers who were paid in natura) who through experiences as hobos, at sea, at the factories gathered their experiences. By reading in the evenings post work they built their education (Bildning!). Harry Martinsson and Eyvind Johnson, who shared the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1974, stand out here. But also Vilhelm Moberg who wrote the great epic The Emigrants, about Swedish settlers in Minnesota, which in 1971 was made into a motion picture. One of the best ever made.

Wieslaw

Do people even understand what it is I do? They can't because then they would lie flat on the ground in submission and reverence.. But they are busy with theirs of course.. It doesn't matter, I can stand. You must have been having a hard time at the office,, I totally understand,, that's totally understandable.. Sitting in an office and lifting $4000 a month obviously has to be worse than completely bathing in asbestos and quartz while breaking a ton of concrete .. Of course! I can stand here, I just carried more weight in one day than you do in a decade combined..
Sit there and enjoy the bus ride,, brother comrade... Standing has its advantages though, a good overview of the disappointment that is my fellow human beings,, this crushing, bitter disappointment.. So awkward,, cripples,, dandruff, it reaks of dandruff and cheap shower cream.. Half of them probably don't even wipe properly after taking a shit.. You'd be crushed if you understood how horrible people are..
Something completely different catches my attention though.. She looks happy and retarded, bedchamber eyes,, empty inside.. Legs like a pony.. Suddenly I wish I had an automatic carbine,, shoot everyone who stands in the way between me and her. Mass murder.. Eel over in the blood and entrails among the dead and kiss her feet, bite her calves.. Would she stay? I'm doubtful.. Trust

issues.
She's looking straight at me now, cross-eyed.. Nothing wrong with that, but it fills me with overwhelming sadness.. Suddenly I want to lie under the bus.. Torn to pieces. Minced meat.
Wieslaw hasn't made coffee, he stares gloomily out the window,, it's raining vertically, it's dark, demonic.. You could think he just cried. Possible.. He dreams of uppercutting his wife,, a final blow that puts her to sleep for good. Freedom for Wieslaw, whores and cocaine followed by an heart attack and eternal rest.
I make coffee. I make coffee and think I should stop drinking coffee all together. My nerves are too frayed. I have schizoid genes.. One of my ancestors, a mercenary, murdered and raped all over the Baltics, Poland, Russia. After the wars he thought all would be fine but the trauma haunts us men in the family still... Something as innocent as coffee could upset the balance.. I drink my coffee and look at Wieslaw.. Boy, 400 years ago you would have kissed my boots, but here we are..

Mehr licht

I'm not super pro-suicide or anything.. Not saying people should blow their brains out.. I'm certainly not suicidal myself, on the contrary, on the contrary.. But sometimes you wonder how people can bear 80-90 years on this disappointment of a planet.. 80 years is a long time to endure.. I tend to think that hopefully I live by a lake when I get old so I can go down and drown myself when the time comes.. When I can't take it anymore.. But it's one thing to be cocky before the fact. Everyone says that they are going to kill themselves sometime in the distant future,, it is easy to think like that when you are young and healthy.. Jan Myrdal, Sweden's last official Maoist, always used to say that he would hang himself when he got too old and helpless.. He always said that and then he still lived to be 95 and died alone in a hospital bed.. Lafargue kept his word, he took his own life when he reached the age of 60, or whatever it was, but he didn't cross over to the other side without taking his wife Laura Marx with him, who was younger and still healthy.. You can think what you want about that.. Lenin said it was a Marxist's duty to die like the Lafargues when you became a burden to the party,, but he never dared to kill himself.. Eternal flames lurking.. One would like to believe that it is easy, but it isn't.
Most people don't want to die.. I myself have witnessed the throes of death three times , that is, people who were in sickbeds and died

of old age, I didn't get the impression that they wanted to die,, we like to believe that people want to die when they are old but usually they don't want to, the body fights for all it's worth. I went on a roller coaster with my kids last summer,, “come on now you chumps it's nothing” I said.. But before the first drop I closed my eyes and kept them closed during the whole ride. Dying might be like that times a thousand, you don't dare face the drop, your body doesn't want to take the plunge.
Goethe, Mr. Wu-wei himself, is said to have been really scared before he died, It was a long and anguished struggle. They say he shouted “Light! More Light!”. Perhaps a cry for help more than anything else, an expression of his fear of the dark. This in no way diminishes Goethe, it makes him even more human. He was the most human of all men. The rest of us will do no better.. Oh boy how scared we will be.
I'm no friend of modern liberal Christians but let's hope they're right about hell not existing.. Otherwise we all have something to worry about.. Imagine lying there on sweaty sheets gasping for air and the thought of eternal torment in hell hits you.. Not fun. Then you’ll piss yourself alright.. If you're lucky, it's like Swedenborg says, that those who end up in hell likes it there.. That paradise stinks to them.
If the Buddhists are right, we are also shit out of luck, because no one will pray for our souls as they fumble their way through one demonic bardo after another.. We will all be boiled in cauldrons before we are sent back to this valley of woe.. Pussy focused.
If you have children, like me, you can be sure that they won't see to your poor sinful soul.. No, merit making on our behalf.. My children like all western children will say that dad died in peace,, he suffered,, he needed to die, it was time.. To ease their own consciences that is .. Because they will think i’m a burden at that point.. I'm not saying this because I don't love my children or because they wouldn't love me.. On the contrary, I'm doing everything I can so that they won't hate me when they grow up but it is what it is.. Parents eventually become a burden and everyone thinks it's quite alright when they die.. You have to prepare for that.
Depression is probably the main reason people kill themselves.. I've never been depressed.. Or I've always been depressed, I don't know.. I'm always a little dissatisfied with life.. I think it's better to spread that shit out evenly over the days.. I have never had any illusions

that life would be perfect. I imagine a lot of people who are depressed want to a perfect world or none at all.. I thought I was depressed for a while but the thing was that I hated my job,, so I stopped going there.. When I got to the parking lot once I just turned around and never came back.. After that I felt great.. Then I got a new job that just made me feel a little bit bad. But then I had a clear reason why I felt bad.. As I understand it, nowadays everyone agrees that depression has no causes.. You just feel shitty, that's all.. I could have misunderstood the whole thing though.
I've been lucky I guess.. I haven't experienced any trauma.. My parents were over all great.. If I wanted new shoes, I got new shoes,, usually. They were boomers, to use an American expression that is not entirely feasible in Sweden, and boomers, as we all know, have their flaws.. But luckily I inherited their narcissistic boomer tendencies.. I have always assumed that I am the best guy ever and that everyone else is a little less best than me, even when they are obviously better than me.. That mindset has probably kept me away from depression.. Twenty-five years of regular reading has also made me understand that the world has always sucked to some degree.. It was hard for Goethe too and so on.. Read books but also don’t take literature too seriously.
Unrequited love also leads to suicide they say. I myself have been unhappily in love once.. When I was 18 I hooked up for a short time with a slightly older girl.. It wasn't the first time I got pussy but it was the first time I got real ghetto ass pussy that was so good that I had to hold back tears of joy after busting (for her it was like chewing gum, she had been a few times around the block if you know what i’m saying)... However, I realized that, even then, I was only in love with her wonderfully puffy vulva.. Every time she opened her mouth and spoke I was embarrassed on her behalf (if you meet a girl you don't want to suffocate with a pillow when she talks post nut, I suggest you marry her, you have found your soul mate, that’s it buddy).. Anyways,, she got tired of me, found someone new I guess.. It was six torturous months.. But i’m from the old school,, I never told anyone I was heart broken,, I kept it inside during the days,, and at night I cried and was haunted by nightmares of her sucking other dudes dicks.. After half a year it was over.. I was done being g#y.
Some guys, and girls,, become really fucking pathetic after getting dumped.. You have to play it cool, suck it up.. You can't keep

calling her and stuff.. Sometimes it seems like people haven't been to high school,, just do what the cool guys did,, get it together.. I learned everything from the cool guys.. Like never run after buses or putang,, it only makes you look stupid... I was never good at getting girls,, I didn't get all the ones I wanted but I got the ones that counted. I followed in the footsteps of the real O.G's. .. No pussy is worth suicide,, that's a good rule to follow..
The opposite of being suicidal is still celebrating your birthday at the age of 90.. My friend told me he was going to his wife's grandfather's 90th birthday party and that over a hundred people were invited.. That sounds absolutely insane to me.. I haven't celebrated a birthday since I was twenty.. How do you know over a hundred people when you're 90 and how have you not come to the realization that everyone who is there just thinks it sucks and would rather be at home watching tv?

Part 2: Thailand

Travels in Thailand
2024-2025

Bangkok 24

Bangkok. A confusing city. Incredibly ugly skyscrapers, clumsy architecture, minecraft buildings. But it smells like always, fragipani (?), damp concrete, feces,, I mean that in the best of ways, it sets the tone,, the vibe, the humidity increases the smell tenfold.

We mostly walked around. Looked at incomprehensible clothes that only look good on the Thai youth. We haven't been hungry, jet lag and the heat, but we have eaten,, we took the BTS to Siam square and ate Lanna sausages and papaya salad in a hipper version than what you find out on the street,, we have eaten fruit, boy have we eaten fruit and barbecue skewers, lemonade, boba etc etc etc. For dinner red snapper, pork, chicken,, rice that no one could muster, not even look at.

Otherwise there is not much else to do here, eat and walk (and fuck ofc but you know). We were considering going to the movies but there is no time now, we have to travel on, possibly on the way back. As I said, the city is confusing, at least when you are not very familiar with it, its extent. I haven't been here in ages and I didn't grasp it last time either,, but at least enough to get around with public transport with reasonable confidence. Not the buses though, that's madness.. I don't even have such small denominations on me, how do you even pay? Which stop do I get off at? You can actually

see the ground through the rusty gearbox, the driver tweaking on yaba.

The girls are not as pretty as I remember but maybe that's because all the girls want to look like Chinese Peposdent models and we westerners usually think that the women from the poor eastern and northern provinces are the prettiest but no one wants to look poor and tanned, if it's up to them to decide anyway. But at Siam Square, what do I expect? That's good though,, I better just keep my mind occupied with the food and the heat.

A ladyboy's feet bewitch me. Gigantic in proportion to her otherwise petite body. She looks elegant,, smells good. But what feet,, peasant feet, rice paddy feet. Snakebite immune feet. I imagine that she lives in a shanty-like house 30 km outside of Bangkok, along an abandoned train track, every day she walks the gravel around the rails. Parasols with sun bleached Caraboa Dang advertisements. Windows that are never closed, not even during the monsoon, and there is always laundry on dry. Fat ladies who smell like baby powder in big Doraemon t-shirts who laugh out loud and eat noodles all day.. She walks and walks and she rides a motorcycle taxi side saddle and she rides three buses and then the skytrain. Or she lives along the Sukhumvit line.. What do I know? Huge feet though.

Bangkok 25

No matter how much Snake Brand Prickly Heat I powder my torso with, I still feel like I stink, thats just how things are. I feel like a barbarian among the Thais, sweaty, in stupid shorts. The heat is, as you can imagine, intense. However, there are cool winds blowing about every now and then. During the day that is. The evenings are unbearable. We go to Central World. I buy a pair of pants. When the fuck am I going to wear them? There is a confusing queue system to the fittig rooms. I get a basket and a tray with the number of garments I wanna try on. A pair in L and a pair in XL. The Thai women look sour and jump in line when they sense my confused weakness, let them,, i always let the hoes run me over. I choose the pair in Large. 750 baht... Central World is big, too big. And yet it is small in context, Bangkok knows malls that know no ends. Everything is expensive. A pair of NB shoes basically cost more here than in Europe. You can find bargains though, if you are size a 37 and like shoes in pastel colors, which I like. Best though is Big C, opposite Central World. Discount junk and Swensens. I buy the kinds all sorts of shit, shit nobody needs, because it's fun. We're loving the moment, we're loving capitalism.

We jump on a riverboat, I feel non-touristy and unique. 14 baht per ticket to the end station. I have no idea where that is. We just go in some direction. The breeze is nice and smells of 2-stroke oil.

Picturesque. At the end station I recognize the surroundings, we are if not in, at least close to Banglamphu,, I haven't been here for many years, almost 20.. We stroll around. Visit a temple, Holy Mountain, but we don't go in because my wife is not dressed decently enough.. We're modest and behaved after all. Then we eat, morning glory, fried pork, nam tok moo and so on. I feel at ease, one with the world. I drink beer, getting tipsy, knocking over shit, being happy... Until a suspicious looking African enters the restaurant, sits at the table next to us, solemnly drinks a beer, looks at me intensely and coughs just as intensely. I feel embarrassed and pretty racist. He was weird though, what can i say?

On the way back to the hotel we buy fresh fruit, Isaan sausages, sticky rice etc. I love the smells, the sounds and luckily i don't care about all the cute tenderonis. They’re not haunting me.

Phitsanulok

Jesus Christ, what happened to those VIP buses with airbrushed mecha anime all over the sides? I see them parked everywhere, but at the bus station they are conspicuous by their absence. We travel on a regular bus for regular dumb mortals. My wife says you have to book several weeks in advance. Apparently that's how it is now! She's stingy, i know, always willing to save a buck.. In the good old days, you could just go to Mo Chit when you felt like it and hop on a bus that makes the rest of the world's buses look stupid and sad, mere tries,, and it was basically free.. Now we're going to Phitsanoluk in a bus made 1980, the AC is connected via the exhaust system. Before the bus, half an hour late, leaves, I'm basically already carbon monoxide poisoned. I fall asleep, ready to never wake up again.. 20 minutes outside Bangkok, the bus lady wakes me up with a McChicken.. Thank you? Is this a standard thing? A soggy chicken burger on the house? I guess it's good.. A beautiful gesture..
These seats have never been cleaned,, never ever,, it's like being 11 and sitting at someone's alcoholic grandmother's house,, the same itch,, the same feeling of impurity. I sense trillions of mites all over me.. The seat is too small, midget sized, my neck hangs back in an unnatural, impossible angle. The toilet is meticulously clean though, it's just that I can't fit in it,, this goes on for six hours. The

first 200 km outside Bangkok is just a long strip, a stream of sun-bleached concrete bunkers dotted with advertising.. Advertising for energy drinks, washing machines, with a penchant for washing machines actually. Outside Bangkok everybody drives Raptor, Hillux, Wildtrak.. Ford and Mitsubishi… I envy them,, it's virile, more virile than a dirty bus.

The countryside consists of the cow-sop middleclass,, aesthetically speaking and people who look so poor that you've never seen anyone so poor. In the middle of nowhere, under a viaduct, sits a family, emaciated, sunburned and staring dumbly. Poverty in the tropics appears almost unbearable. Numbing. Horrible.

I'm dozing, in a daze,, we're all in a daze, it gets hotter and hotter.. I'm dozing, lulled by the rhythm of the engine but suddenly we stop or turn or something wakes me up. The journey never ends,, Nakon savanh,, 3 hours left... When I've fallen asleep and woken up for the fifth time and thought about suicide 8 times, we're finally there. The air is somewhat cool at the bus station. Aunt has booked two cars, one is waiting, she doesn't want us to get cheated, conned, hustled,, she knows we're suckers.. We have to cross the street,, excellent, an opportunity for the taxi drivers who are sitting and lazing in the shade to put on a spectacle. "A FARANG! AND THE CHILDREN, WHAT ARE THEY. HALF-FARANG!! HAHA AND THE WIFE, WHAT A STRANGE THAI SHE'S SPEAKING! WHAT THE HELL IS SHE SAYING".... Have your fun, you guys. This round is on us hehe.. It's hell really, you feel like a clown, a pagliaccio, but it's just part of the experience. We stand there looking stupid while we wait for the other car.. I'm trying to buy coffee. Ka-fe laaawn.. Arai? She doesn't understand.. Ka-feeeee laaaaawwwwwwwn.. Huh?.. I give up, don't make a big deal out of it ok.. Hot coffee! Aaaah, no just iceee cafeee.. The car arrives... We finally go to the hotel.. It's located along the river, next to a temple.. A boutique hotel that for once has nice rooms... We swim in the pool, away with all the mites, before we go out and eat. Lok chin,, noodles, fruit, beer.. On the way home we buy sweets and chips at my beloved 7/11 for 1000 baht,, a considerable amount. We buy more sasuages outside the temple, we buy it all. I hated Phitsanoluk last time, now I love it a bit.

Phitsanulok 2

My wife is in court to sort out an inheritance thing so meanwhile I take the kids to Central Plaza. The city's largest and most modern mall. It's nice to get away from the bustling streets and the heat every now and then. The total confusion you face daily to instead meet a more middle-class and, let's say, civilized confusion. Here I am faced with getting a cold cappuccino instead of a hot Americano,, it's a setback I can easily take with a generous and carefree shrug.. We eat at Kfc.. American fast food chains can exist here and somehow not appear as absolute degeneracy,, everything Thais adop somehow becomes immaculately Thai, Thais are so obviously Thai, nothing changes them.. Of course the junk food itself is adapted to Thai tastes. All the staff, in all the shops, are cheerful here, charming, innocent,, not at all like the sly little foxes of the street markets.. And the air conditioning does its thing,, the combine harvester of civilization. We go to the cinema, Lilo and Stitch. The girls, these sweet, wonderful little creatures that I love, help me, giggling, despite language barriers to buy tickets from the machine,, they strongly advise us not to sit at the front, you should sit in the middle,, I obey.

It's raining when we get out. We take a Grab and to the hotel. We're going to have dinner with Ta, aunties daughter,, who is helping out with the case in court. I find out that they've cross-examined my

wife.. "Are you possibly retarded? Have you ever robbed a bank? Why is your Thai so bad?" Etc... It seems to have gone well. Tomorrow we'll find out. Before we can have dinner I have to pick up our laundry.. This whole thing started yesterday... The hotel was overcharging so I looked up a laundry place on Google and ordered a motorcycle Grab. Once he arrived he explained that the joint I had chosen was in a military area and that as civilians we didn't have access there but that he knew another place. Absolutely, that's fine. Drive me there. With two fathoms of laundry we drove about 2 kilometers away from the hotel. It was closed, I felt discouraged, but the Grab guy insisted and knocked on the door until a woman opened. Oh my, so much laundry! Do you want it all ironed? No, just the shirts,, just washing is enough for the rest. Call me a bohemian but I don't need my underwear ironed. Come and pick up stuff up tomorrow at 6pm she said and gave me a note with some Thai letters and a phone number. Do you remember your way back here? the Grab man asked.. yayaya sure no problem, but maybe you can pick me up and drive me here again tomorrow? He pretended not to understand.

The next day, earlier today that is, I went to the reception and asked if they could help me call the number on the note and ask for an exact address that I could enter in the Grab app.. No problem, we'll fix it,, she called, I witnessed the whole thing.. Did you get the address, I asked.. Well ofcourse sir she said.. Splendid! I'll be back in a few hours.. Thank you very much!

A few hours passed, once again back at the reception.. Well, I said, would you be kind enough to help me now.. With what? asked my little flower.. what you mean with what? With Grab, the address.... My laundry! The address? Yes, you called the laundry lady and asked earlier.. Yes, but we don't know the street,, never heard of it.. What?! it's like five blocks away from here.. I just don't remember exactly.. Okay, i'll try again she said and started typing on her keyboard, worried look,, as if she understood the seriousness of the moment... This went on for 5, 6, 7, 10 minutes.. I got impatient! What's going on?! Can't find the street sir.. But my God it's a whole avenue, on the other side of the tracks, a soi,, not some second-rate loi.. Call again and ask! She didn't call again.. Ok, let me borrow a bike I said and pointed to a rental bike in the corner.. Of course, you do that she said. I took it demonstratively,, wounded, unsure if

I would find my way.. I jumped up on it and started pedaling, 3 meters, 4, before it broke down. A pile of scrap.. What the hell is this? Sorry mister, we have another one.. This one was also a piece of trash, I wasn't sure if it would carry me all the way there and back. I was hoping she would stop me, say she had finally found the right street. But no.

I set off.. Left side of the road, left side of the road was my mantra. It was humid. The Thais were amused by a ruddy, sweaty farang on a rattling bicycle in heavy traffic.. I thought i knew the way, my self-confidence at its peak, until I no longer knew the way… I searched desperately for 20 minutes until I gave up.. Luckily Ta was at the hotel when I returned, tail between my legs.. After four confused phone calls she finally found the spot, a mere 25 meters from where I gave up…. The lady laughed as we rolled up..

We went to a restaurant along the highway and ate more food than you could ever dream of.. The nam kaeng girls tormented me as usual with their constant watering down of my beer, take a break my queens,, no more ice!

Ta was nice but in classic Thai fashion she never asked any counter-questions,, Thais are generally uninterested in foreigners.. Men can talk football for a while, that's all.. Liverpool good! But women, heavy-handed, as a rule. The conversation felt one-sided but Ta was still joyful and witty enough to brighten our evening..

We drove home in silence. Thais don't experience silence as something uncomfortable... We saw a corpse along the road,, motorcycle accident, ohhhhåååååååå.

Baan life

I don't want to get up. I lie dying in our small room which is the only one with air conditioning.. I don't want to get up because I'm hungover,, which amuses the family,, haha farang mao hua,, kin bier mae? Hehehe.. Yes, of course, guys have your fun. This one is o me.. I lie there with my headache and I want to throw up and possibly shit my pants.. We sleep on a thin mattress on the floor, an upgrade from last year.. The room is as wide as me, my wife and our three children plus a clothes rack and three, four geckos. We sleep with our heads against some sliding doors.. Out there is a large common room that is only used as a kind of house temple, there are pictures of dead relatives, Rama ix and three altars of different sizes. Maybe the largest one for the most important relatives? Opposite our room sleeps Sunkit, my wife's depressed gay bachelor cousin..

He is quiet, always cleaning the house, takes care of his grandmother, he's temporarily unemployed and is an actor. It is said that when he performs, he goes to the venue of that evening's performance, puts on his make-up, puts on his ingenious Likay costume, goes on stage, receives the audience's cheers, gets off and drives home without saying a word to anyone.. A true artist. I have seen pictures,, he is really suay. And he has a heart of gold. God bless him.

In an annexe lives Jing, Banjat and Pat. Jing is my wife's aunt. Banjat is her husband and Pat is their son. Banjat has two, possibly three, jobs. You rarely see him around. He is kind, tanned and quiet. He loves to drink Lao ("thai brandeee"). Jing takes care of us and grandma. She cooks 5, possibly 6, times a day, in between she lets Pat go and buy us food.. She refuses to believe that we are full, mai ao kap, im mak, has no effect on her. She is terrified that we don't like the country life.

They are poor by Western standards but honestly seem to have everything you could need, food, family, neighbors who constantly visit, beds and not least a house that has stood for generations and that no bank can claim to own. In fact, the entire village has sprung up around their house. The village consists of no more than five houses and a few farms on the outskirts, but still.. The house started on stilts as a traditional baan. Everyone lived upstairs even when my wife was a child, before she and her mother moved to Sweden.. Then they added walls on the ground floor... The whole house has stagnated somewhat.. Possibly since my wife's father died, the apple of the family's eye, the great Likay actor and greater charmer with women all over Thailand... It's a Likay family after all, the fact is that everyone has been actors in some capacity, but now it's all over.

Grandma lives almost outdoors, on an old teak bed, no mattress, just a bkanket sone pillows and a mosquito net, a tin roof and the walls are bars.. She washes herself outside by a barrel, she performs her apnam three times a day.. She loves TV, especially Muay Thai, she watches it out of pure lust,, of the boxers' beautiful bodies. She tells my wife that she wants to find a farang, her husband died ten years ago, but that it will probably be difficult to find one who wants an 89-year-old lady with almost no hair left on her head, and besides, farangs are too white. She likes to sit out on the veranda and chew betel and talk to friends who come by,, gossipy bunch. She wants me to eat properly, kin dai! And that I stay in my room.. Bai air, laawn ohoo.. She is a true matron and has the biting charm of an aged Hollywood actress. She is incredibly funny. Oooh toh san.

I'm hungover.. My stomach is bubbling.. I have to get up.. I have to run,, run past the ancestral shrine,, to Jing's and Banjat's hong nam..

I kick open squeaky tin door and cascade vomit,, fortunately only liquid and fortunately Jing is not out in the kitchen.. The liquid consists of Spy, a disgusting wine cooler that was the only thing left once the beer ran out.. It's easy to rinse away, my puke flows into the adjacent rice field.

Neighbors are sitting on the porch.. Nuch, my wife's youngest aunt, wants me to greet her friends Thai style.. I feel like a circus monkey but I do it anyway (I get to taste my own medicine for once because I usually demand the same from my children).. I take a cup of Nescafe and lie down in a hammock.. My head is pounding.. I try to sleep. Jing walks by,, ohoooo mao.. Mao lao, I say..

We had fun yesterday after all. It's a big event when we visit. Half the village was there. Although there were fewer than last year. Possibly some drama behind the scenes we don't know about.

Nuch's husband, the last fully active actor in the family, stumbles drunk out of his old jeep,,, with him his son who looks like a Bangkokian rapper,, a spoiled brat. But the actor moves and carries himself like a real actor with his post-op nose, his backslick, his sloppy oxford shirt and chinos. He talks theatrically, casually drops anecdotes that make everyone roar with laughter, he downs a glass of beer, he kisses my children, whom he has never met before, on their foreheads, he runs the engine of an old Isuzu pickup that is standing in the yard, I get the feeling that he does the same thing every time he visits, in any case he does it with incredible finesse and style. We sit and talk and drink, he advises me against drinking Lao, it's only for alcoholic hicks. Not for us.. The he takes a shot.. He tells me about his brilliant career, I assume,, about his great roles.

Then I make a fatal mistake (in an innocent attempt to bond) of mentioning that my grandfather was an opera singer and my father an actor,, Swedish likay, I say. Big mistake.. He doesn't understand anything and what he does understand hurts him deeply. Am I, a stupid farang, trying to outshine him?! He calls for everyone's attention and starts making fun of me,, Pat looks at me with pity... Hahaha swedish likay! Have you ever heard anything so outrageous?! Everyone laughs so hard they almost piss themelves!

After that he ignores me for the rest of the evening until he very

theatrically pours me a beer as well as one for himself, chugs his, hops into his jeep and drives off.. Dead drunk... King!

The rest of the night Pat and I and the boys fished with car batteries and metal rods out in the rice fields.. Which we ate with frogs on the side.